GIVEN AND TAKEN

[J. Q. Whittier in Indep Smoothing soft the nestling head Of a maiden fancy-led, Thus a grave-eyed weman mid: "Richest gifts are those we make; Dearer than the love we take That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest; Mine has been the common quest To be loved, and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine; At my feet as on a shrine Love has laid its gifts divine. "Sweet the offerings seemed; and yet With their sweetness name regret, And a sence of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied Was it vanity or pride That a deeper joy denied? Hands that one but to receive

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes, "Love is sweet in any guise; But its best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave Likest is to Him who gave Life itself the loved to save. "Love that self-forgetful gives

DOCTOR TRIFULGAS.

Unles Verne in Figure.] The rising gale whistles. The rain comes down in torrents. Low sway the trees under the blast that sweeps the Volsinian shore, and dashes its fury against the slopes of the mountains of Crimma. The rock-bound coast is rent and riven by the tempestuous sillows that surge and foam along the vast

Megalocrida sea.

In the depth of the bay nestles the little seaport town of Luktrop. It beasts a few hun-dred houses with greenish miradors shelter-ing them from the winds of the main, and four or five steep streets that look more like the beds of a mountain torrent than public thoroughfares. Not far off smokes the Vanglor, an active volcano, which by day belches forth thick volumes of sulphurous vapor, and by night fitful floods of flame. The crater, seen fully 150 kertses out at sea, answers the purpose of a beacon, and guides home to Luktrop the coasters—felzanes, verliches, or balanzes—that plow the trouble s of the Megalocrida.

On the other side of the town are beared up ruins of the Crimmerian era; while the suburb, of Moorish aspect, like a casbah or Algerian fortress, with its white walls, round roofs, and terraces calcined by the sun, seems a huge pile of square stones thrown together at hap-hazard. The whole mass looks like a cluster of dice, the dots of which have been worn away with ace.

Among other peculiar structures may be seen an odd-looking building called the Six-Four from the number of its windows, six in front and four behind.

A steeple rises above the town, the square teeple of Saint Philfilene, with its bells visible through the open stone-work, and when they are swung (as they are at times by the violence of the storm, it is accounted a bad sign, and the good people of the place are filled with fear at the omen. Such in Luktrop, with a few stray houses on the heath beyond, scattered amid the broom and furze, as in Brittany. Luktrop, however, is not in Brittany. Is it in France?—I can not In Europe!-- I do not know. At any rate it were useless to look for the

place on the map. Tap, tap! A discreet rap is beard at the narrow door of the Six-Four on the left hand corner of Messagliere street. A com-fortable house this, if such a word is known place, if to earn on an average a few A ferocious yelp, something between a bark and a howl, as from a wolf, has answered the rap, whereupon a window above the door of the Six-Four is thrown open, and an angry voice bawls out:

To the devil with all intruders." A young girl, shivering in the rain, with a corry cape thrown over her shoulders, in-quires if Dr. Trifulgas is at home.

"I come for my father, who is dying."
"And where is he dying!" "By the Val-Karniou, four kertees from

"And what's his name?

"Vort Kartif-the cracknel-maker?" "Yes; and if Dr. Trifulgas would only-"Doctor Trifulgas isn't at home!"

girl's face, while the wind and the rain out

A bard man he, Dr. Trifulgas, with bu little feeling for a fellow-creature, and one who attends a patient only if well paid in advance for his services. His old dog, Hur of-a cross between a bull and a span would have more heart than he. The door of the Six Four remains invariably closed t the poor, and open only to the rich. He has, moreover, his scale of prices; typhoid fever, so much; brain fever, so much; so much for as doctors choose to invent by the dozen. And Vort Kartif, the craknel-maker, is a poor man, with a penniless brood. Why then, should Dr. Trifuigas bedevil himself, and on such a night! "The rousing me from again, "is alone worth ten fretzers!" Twenty inutes had scarce gone by than the knocker again woke the cohoes of the Six Four. Grumbling, the doctor got out of bed, and from the window growled:

"I am Vort Kartif's wife." "Yes; and if you don't come he'll die."

"Here are twenty fretzers"niou, four kertses bence!"

"Go to the devil!" And, with an oath, the window was again slammed. "Twenty fretzers!" muttered he; "what an idea! Run the risk of catching a cold or a lumbe such a sum, when one has to attend to-morrow morning the gouty-but wealthy-Edzingov, at Kiltrens, whose aliment is worth fifty fretzers a visit."

With this pleasant prospect, Doctor Tri-fulgas sought his bed and went to sleep as soundly as ever.

Rap, rap, rap!" Three blows from ws from the knocker, struck with a firm hand, have this time added their ratthe to the noise of the storm. The doctor, startled from his sleep, got up in a towering passion. On opening his window the hurricane came in like a whirlwind.

"'Tis for the cracknel-maker—"

"What, again that wretch?" "I am his mother." May his mother, wife and daughter all

die with him!" "Ay, and a tight one, no doubt," chuckled

"We have a little money," said the old woman, "an installment on the house sold to Dantrup, the drayman, of Messagliere street. If you don't come, my granddaughter will be without a father, my daughter without husband, and myself without a son!"

It was heartrending and horrible to hee old hag's voice, and to think that the wind froze the blood in her viens, and renched the very bones under her skin. "A fit, say you? The fee is 200 fretzurs, rejoined the heartless leach. "We have but 130."

"Good night, then!" And once more the window was closed. On second thoughts, however, he came to

half an hour's attendance, 120 fretzers made) fretzers an hour-I fretzer a minute! It ras small profit at best, but not quite to be So, instead of getting futo bed, the doctor

dipped himself into his velvet suit, hurried down stairs in a pair of thick water-proof boots, muffled himself up in a large overcoat, put on his gloves and sou'wester, and, leav-ing the lamp lighted on the table near his Codex opened at page 197, pushed opened the the Six-Four, and appeared on the

The old crone was there, leaning on a stick her frame emaciated by eighty years of

Here; and may God return it a hundred

The dector whiched Hursel, put a small lanters in the deg's mouth, and best his steps toward the sea. The old heg tradged

Good heavens, what weather! The bells of Saint Philfilene sway to and fre under the beadlong fury of the storm, an ominous por-tent, as we know. But Dr. Trifulgas eschews all superstitious notions. The fact is, he believes in nothing at all, not even his is, he believes in nothing at all, not even his own science—except for what is brings him in. What weather, to be sure, and what a road! Nothing but shingle and slag—the shingles slippery like see-weed, and the slag crisp as clinker. And no other light to see by than a tramulous flicker from Hurson's lantern. At times strange, fantastic figures seem to tose in the flames that swall from the mouth of the Vanglor. There is really no telling what lice at the bottom of those inscrutable craters. Perbottom of those inscrutable oraters. Per-haps the souls of the under-world, that vols-

The doctor and the old hag fellow the line of coast that runs in and out of the small bays along the shore. The see is of a livid whiteness, and sparkles as its billows hurtle the phosphorescent fringe of surf that seems to pour wave on wave of glow-worms up on

Thus both rush on till they reach a bend in the road between two swelling downs, where the broom and sea-rushes clash their blades toge ther, like so many bayoneta.
The dog has drawn nearer to his master,

and seems to say:
"Well, what think you? A hundred and twenty fretzers to place under lock and key in the safe! That's the way to build up a fortune! 'Tis another piece of ground added to the vine enclosure! Another dish added to the evening meal! Another bowl of food for faithful Hursof! Nothing like attending rich patients and loosening their purs

At this point the old woman stopped. She directed a finger, which shook like age, toward a red light some way off in the gloom—the house of Vort Kartif, the cracknel-maker.

"There!" laconically put in the doctor. "Yes," responded the crone.

Just then the Vanglor, vibrating to its foundations with a noise like thunder three up a mass of fuliginous flame, that mounte the south and rent the clouds. Docto Trifulgas was thrown to the ground by the force of the concussion. Regaining his footing, he swore like a Christain, and looked around. The beldam was gone. She must have fallen through some deep crevase in the ground, or taken flight on the floating fog clouds of ocean. The dog, however, was still there, upright on his haunches, his mouth wide open, and the light of the

lantern blown out. "Never mind; let's go on," mumbled Dr Trifulgas. The honest man has pocketed the 120 fretzers, and must needs earn them.

A solitary light is alone visible in the dis-tance half a kertse away. It is doubtless the lamp of the dying, or, perchance dead man and youder must be the cracknel-maker's house. There can be no mistake, the old hag pointed it out. And so saying, with the noise of the storm in his ears, Doctor Triful-gas hurries on toward the house, which standing alone in the midst of a wide heath, more distinctly perceptible as the way

farer approaches.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact to observe how much the house of the cracknel-maker looks like the doctor's Six-Four, at Luktrop; there is the same arrangement is the front windows, and the listic vaulted door at the side. Doctor Trifulgas strides on as fast as the driving gusts of wind and rain will permit. He reaches the door, which is ajar, pushes it open, enters, and the blast closes it behind him with a bang. The dog outside howls or is silent, by turns, like choristers chanting the verses o Forty Hours pealm.

How very strange! One might almost be led to suppose that Dr. Trifuigas had com-back to his own house. But this cannot be He took no wrong turning on the road, nor did he lose his way. No, he is certainly at Val-Karniou, and not at Luktrop. Yet how comes it his eye dwells on the same, low vaulted corridor, the same winding staircase, and the same massive wooden railing, hand the landing. A faint light comes from un-

Is it a mare or a delusion! By the weak glimmer of the lamp, he vaguely recognises his own room—there the yellow sofa; there, on the right, the old oaken chest; and there, on the left, the iron-girt safe, in which he had thought of placing his 130 fretzers Yonder is his arm-chair with its leather tas sels, his table with its convoluted legs upon it, by the flickering lamp, his own Codex

open at page 197.

"What ails me!" murmurs the doctor.

What ails thee? Why, thou art palsied with fright. The eyeballs start from their sockets. The body contracts and dwindles in size. An icy sweat chills thy skin, on which nameless horrors seem to creep.

Quick, or the lamp, for want of oil, will go out, and the sick man die. Ay, the bed is there—his own, with its pillows and balda-quin—a bed as long as it is broad, and the closed curtains with their large inwrought flowers. Can this indeed be the bed of a poor cracknel-maker! Trembling, the doctor draws near, pulls the curtains aside, and peers within

There, outstretched on his dying bed, lies the sick man, with his head outside the counterpane and motionless, like one about to breathe his last. The doctor bends for

Ah! what ghastly scream is that which rends the air, and is taken up by the do outside with his sinister howling? It is no Vort Kartiff, the cracknel-maker, who is the dying man, but he, the doctor, Doctor Trifulges himself! he who is smitten down with brain fever—he and no other. Full well he knows the symptoms. It is cerebral apoplexy, with sudden accumulation of serosity in the cavities of the brain, and partial paralysis of the body on the side opposite that where the lesion exists. Ay, it was for him that assistance was besought, that 120 fretgers were paid! He who, in the hardness of his heart, had refused to attend the poor gracknel-maker! It is he now that is dying. Dr. Trifulgas raved like a maniac. The Vort Kartiff, the cracknel-maker, who is the Dr. Trifulgas raved like a maniac. The symptoms increased every minute. Not only were all the functions of relation deed in

him, but the beatings of his heart were nearly gone, like the breath of his lungs. Yet he had not lost all consciousness of his lesperate strait. What shall he do? Diminish the mass o the blood by bleeding! There must be no hesitation, or Dr. Trifulgas is a dead man. Phlebotomy was still practiced in Volsinia. and there, as here, the doctors rescued from

apoplexy all those who were not to die from Dr. Trifulgas seized his case of instru-ments, took his lancet, and punctured the vein on his duplicate self. No blood, how-ever, spurted from the wound. He rubbed with all his might the chest of the dying one, but he found that the pulsations of his own heart diminished; he burnt the other's feet with hot bricks, but felt his own feet

Suddenly his duplicate starts up in his bed, struggles wildly in the last throes of sus-pended breathing a rattle is heard in his

throat, and Dr. Trifulgae, with all his act-ence, falls back dead in his own arms.

The following morning a corpse was found in the house known as the Six-Four—that of Dr. Trifulgas. He was placed in a coffin, and conveyed in great pomp, to the come-tery of Luktrop, after the manner of the many he had already sent there.

As for old Hursof, I am told the faithful beast may still be seen, with his lantern re-lighted, scouring the heath and howling for his lost master. If this be true or not, I can not say. Yet so many strange things do occur in this Volsinian country, especially round about Luktrop, that I see no reason to doubt the statement. At any rate, let me ask of you once more not to look for this town of Luktrop on the map. The best geog-raphers are still uncertain as to its exact

position in latitude—and even longitude. [Joseph Hatton's London Letter.] The Hair-Dressers' association in Paris, called by I know not what grandiloquent titles, are gradually creating kindred institutions on this side of the water. Soirces conducted on the most aristocratic lines are held periodically in London, at which artistic competitions take place, and gold and silver medals are awarded. It is already becoming a common thing when you sit down to have your hair out in some seminable little atalier to see gorgoous cor-

whirling around your head is the holder of a gold, or silver, or bronze medal in some famous artistic competition in connection with the drawing of hair. It is not, therewith the drawing of hair. It is not, there-fore, surprising that a serious attempt is be-ing made to revive a dead-and-gone custom which many of my readers will probably re-member. Hair rings set in gold, necklets of hair, watch-chains of hair, gold trinkets with hair trophies in the shape of weeping willows and impossible monuments will. I am sure, occur to most people who leak back

to their youthful days. Half a century age this kind of thing was popular everywhere, and sometimes very artistic combinations of various colored artistic combinations of various colored hairs—gray, black, white, brown and red—were to be seen in efforts at landscape and architectural art. The particular gold medalist who honors me with his attention whenever my locks are in danger of suggesting Bunthorns or Coor Wilde has just blacked. gesting Bunthorse or Oscar Wilde has just finished quite a remarkable picture of Bruges in hair, the labor of some years. A little way off it has all the brightness and sharpness of a clever stehing. The Orleans family, I learn, are reviving the old fancy for hair jewelry in France, and a lady friend of mine who gossips charmingly about fash-ions tells me we shall seen again hear on this side of the channel of love trophies in the shape of locks of hair, hair lockets, hair bangles and many other hirsute devices for utilizing French ingenuity.

A Joke on Gen. Sheridan [New York Cor. Chicago Journal.] The general rarely fails, at every dinner to tell a story entitled new to those within hearing; and on a recent occasion he said as part of the discussion of the deviled crabs, terrapin stews, canvas-back duck and other things which were served in style: There is things which were served in system to a vast deal of imagination about one's appetite. The place in which a dish is served often imparts as much flavor as anything uncommon in the dish itself. Some of the

ine that he is unapproachable.

The last time Phil Sheridan was in town he remarked to a friend, as they were eating in their hotel, that there was only one place in America where roast chicken could be provided to exactly suit the requirements of his tasts. The friend said that was all bosh -that a tender fewl put on a hot fire was sure to come out palatable, and no amount of skill could accomplish anything But Phil insisted that the restaurant of the cook referred to was the exclusive place in which the thing could be done in prime style, and he invited the other to tost the question with him the next evening.

At the appointed time, six or seven gentle-men sat down to a dinner, of which the chief dish was roast chicken. During that important course, Phil alternated his mouthfuls with laudatory remarks, asserting the delicacy of the flavor, the tenderness of the flesh the daintiness of the cookery, and so on, until somebody's irrepressible grin set the table in a roar. The swindle was uproarlously exposed. The particular chicken set before Phil was bogus—not a chicken at all, except for the skin and the bones, the rest being a clever structure of veal and pig, in imitation of the fowl, and impregnated by bicken gravy.

"The Art of Flop."

Ada Rehan has evolved a new order acting which may be called the art of flop.

The knack of dropping all in a heap at the slightest provocation has been brought to perfection by Miss Reham, and in "Love on of furnishing every medern convenience She flops upon lounges, chairs, settees, divans

and, as the sporting men say, comes up smil-ing when the spasm is over. No one, it is needless to say, can collapse no spontaneously as Rehan. She is both em-phatic and lymphatic. She aspires and ex-pires with recurrent grace. She flames and

umphant jellihood.

The comedy under her flop vibrates like a spring-bed. It is sat upon, in every corner, nd before it ends becomes a delicious incar nation of the divine Rumple.

Rehan can alternate the agure piquancy of the cash girl with the last gasp of the morphine patient, and make more revolutions to the minute than any woman alive. She has put the emotional business into by-play, and she keeps it in the air as a juggler does his flop will come a new generation of comedy women. The era of the clingers is gone, the weepers have passed, the kickers are forgot ten; now we are to have the floppers.

Reculiar Key West.
[Florida Letter.]

Key West is one of the most peculiar cities in the world. It has a population of more than 15,000, principally whites, but has no chimneys, no show windows, no brick blocks, no fine buildings, no planing-mills, no steam-mills, no machine shops, no farmers driving in with loaded teams, no country results of the state try roads, no railroads, no rattle of ma-chinery, no soise of any kind, except the beating of the waves against the coral-bound shores, and yet Key West, for its size, does a very large manufacturing and hipping business.

Marshal Northrop, of Woodbridge, Conn. has a novel barometer in the shape of four builfrogs which live in a half hogshead in his spring. In fair weather they sun them selves around a hole in the hogshead's bot tom, but when the storm center moves their way they dive through the hole and out of

Wanted Securities [Texas Siftings.]

Sam Oppenheimer of San Antonic was one of the passengers on the San Saba stage that was robbed a few weeks ago. "Shell out your money, or off goes the top of your head," remarked one of the robbers,

lding a pistol under Sam's nosa. ut, so heliup me schiminy grashua." "Hand 'em over."

Sam did so, keeping back \$6.

"What are you keeping back them \$6 for?"
mildly inquired the robber, pressing his
pistol against Sam's head.

"Mine Gott, don't you let a man take out Sper cent ven he advances money mitout writies " asked Sam.

(Exchange.)
Cuba's 2,000,000 of people have to pay \$14,000,000 a year for the support of the army
and navy that keep them in subjection. Though the island yields Spain a revenue of \$37,000,000, there is a deficit of \$9,000,000 in the Cuban budget, and the customs duties are mortgaged for temporary loans, and still

It Is Very Simple.

A medical journal says that a sneeze will cure an attack of hiccoughs. When a man is in church, and feels an attack of hicoughs coming on during prayer he may disperse the threatened annoyance b intting fly a robust sneeze. It is very simple—bu the congregation would probably prefer the

In some parts of Minnesota one can trave 100 miles and find none but Swedes, and some of their congregations number over 1,000. They also have several missions mong the Finns.

Butter in Boston. [Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

It is hard to find good butter here—an artile almost universally good in the wes least I have never met bad, rank butter on any western hotel table. Oleomargarine is largely used in the restaurants, and it is only at the highest-priced cases that one is sure to find genuine sweet butter. At one Boston hotel of high repute they have for years sold butter of a mousey taste, so that now it is proverbial that at this hotel you are sure to get horrible butter. They buy a good article, but they store it where it ac-quires a flavor of the sewers. A friend of mine recently bought some choice Philadelphia butter in nest pats, paying therefor 75 cents per pound. On taking it home his wife and female friends declared their belief that the butter was oleomargaine and they were sure they "tasted the suct." Next week, out of revenge, my afflicted friend bought some eleomargarine, put up in a shape to deceive the very ng butter men. This he took hame, and among outer men. In the took name, and the women said with one accord: "What delicious butter—now you have got the right thing!" He was avenged on his fair critics when he disclared his little plot. BESIDE THE STILE

Every Other Seturday.] We both walked slowly o'er the yellow gram, Beneath the sunset sky;

And then he climbed the stile I did not pass, And there we said good-bye

He paused one moment; I leaned on the stile, But neither of us spoke until Just said good-bye again

And I went homeward to our quaint old And he went on his way; And he has never crossed that field again, From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought To what he left behind; As I start sometimes dreaming that I hear A fostatop in the wind. If he had said but one regretful word, Or I had shed a toar, He would not go alone about the world, Nor I sit lonely here.

Alast our hearts were full of angry pride, And love was choked in strife; And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass. Stands straight across our life.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FEMININITY IN VARIOUS PHASES.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A Few Fashion Hints-Helps to Health Feminine Diagnosis-The Shoe Reform-Southern Women from a Canadian's Point of View.

I"Garth" in New Orleans Times The The charm of southern home life is all-per asive, and it radiates from southern young adyhood. A creamy complexion with faint pink flush underneath, soft eyes with a world of dreams in them, a rounded figure, tiny hands and feet and kittenish ways mak t no marvel that the youth masculine of New Orleans is mostly married at #3. These lovely damoiselles make fascinating studies. They read clever books and discuss their tional appearance of the three-lettered podes-trian member, but are enthusiastically "devoted" to the ballet. At 17 the New Orleans girl is a charmingly developed poem, in which coquetry and an excellent idea of matrimonial necessities make well-balanced metre and admirable rhyme. She is innately and entirely domestic, lovable and loving, asking only to be shielded from the facts of life, and permission to unlimitedly pirouette.
One seldem sees a plain-looking member of whole beautiful structure is apt to be a col-lapse. But in the day of her beauty and brightness the American girl of the south is an unparalleled example of beautiful wom-anhood. She would rather flirt than vote, and much prefers the acquirement of the Kensington stitch to the practice of medicine. She has numberless cousins, all deeply in love with her, and usually returns the tender passion to a limited and discriminating degree, but doe n't take it seriously. In sed nothing is taken seriously here but

profound specialition, the key to domestic felicity, and the contents of many a family jar. "By their coffee ye shall know them," is the popular maxim concerning the greers, and dismai is the fate of the man sugar and spices who is weighed in the bal-ances and found wanting in the quality of Mocha. The cousinly affection of the fair Louisianian is by no means to be compared to her devotion to her tiny after-dinner cup of the inspiring brown fluid, and she is de-lightfully candid in avowing it. The society girl here has no more to say than a northern belle, but she says it better. Conversation ally, as in every other way, she is graceful, arch and in excellent taste. She is not elo-quent, but her eyes are, and the quick play of light and shadow in her face, the unobtrusive action of her suggestive little hands and the ever-changing emphasis and inflec-tion of her soft-syllabled words, put a world of meaning into her most ordinary remarks tionable is her unlimited use of cosmetics have yet to meet a pretty girl who does not cood in hastening its destruction, by the as woman, or an old maid! They all do it. If you keep your face clean you are a north

Feminine Diagnosis

[Popular Science News.]
There is a deal of shrewd insight into human nature, and especially woman nature, in the following extract from Oliver Wendell Holmes' address at the centennial of the Harvard Medical school-

hunted by its professional antagonists in couples—a doctor and a doctor's quick-witted wife making a joint visit, and attacking the patient—I mean the patient's malady, of course—with their united capacities. For I am quite sure that there is a natural clair-voyance in a woman which would make her as much the superior of man in some particulars of diagnosis as she certainly is in dis-tinguishing shades of color. Many a suicide would have been prevented if the doctor's wife had visited the victim the day before it happened. She would have seen in the merchant's face his impending bank-ruptcy, while her stupid husband was pre-scribing for his dyspepsia, and indorsing his note; she would recognize the lovelors maiden by an ill-adjusted ribbon, a line in the features, a droop in the attitude, a tone in the voice, which mean nothing to him, and so the brook must be dragged to-morrow. The dual arrangement of which I have spoken is, I suppose, impracticable; but a woman's advice, I suspect, often deter-mines her husband's prescription. Instead of a curtain-lecture, on his own failings, he gets a clinical lecture, on the puzzling case, it may be, of a neighbor suffering from a complaint known to village nosology as 'a com-plication of diseases,' which her keen eyes see into as much better than his as they would through the eye of a small-sized needle. She will find the right end of a case to get hold of, and take the snarls out as she would out of a skein of thread or a ball of worsted, which he would speedily have re-duced to a hopeless tangle."

A Crescent City Lady. [Joaquin Miller's New Orleans Letter.] I have found in this city the noblest lady tnow; and I have seen the world well. Her father was rich, traveled Europe with her schooled her in a convent, had her taught all things. Then he became poor. To-day she is in a little shop on Royal street with her old father and little sister, making and selling shoes. Ah! you imagine her mirthless, dispirited, and plain. On the contrary, she is as bright as a bird. I believe she is heart whole; and I know she is handsome. No, I will not tell you her name or number; not for gold. She has honest pride. Besides, she

does not need your patronage.

Pardon this one allusion. I only point to this case as an expression of what I have been trying to teach my people in these pa-pers. I want the women of this country to go to work. Then the men will work and the dude will leave his companion on the corner, the larkp-post, to stand alone. We must go to work or go to the devil at once. The women of New Orleans are at work; the most of them. Those of New York are idle; so many of them. Get out of your grave a dozen years or so further on and see which

of these cities is ahead.

Go to work at something, I say, before you are compelled to, and it will not seem half so hard as you think. The little shoemaker referred to took me back into a little parlor to see her old father at work. Why, he was in a little palace. And all the walls of this little palace were hung with pictures of her painting, tapestry, and curtains of her handiwork. And then the old shoemaker laid down his pegs and hammer and wax, and all were very happy as she sat at her piano and played the last opera, and bang it, too, perfectly.

Detroit Free Press. A good deal of outcry is raised in New York about the hardships of women in that city who are paid only 30 cents for making a dozen shirts. A society is forming for the purpose of remedying this state of things. But a correspondent of The Evening Post is not altogether wrong in putting forward another view of it, and saying "when one's wife offers \$18 a month-and the same board as we have at own table for a plain coek, and the girl had rather make shirts at 30 cents a

grapathy for the shirt makers? The only question is whether a woman, willing and able to earn only 30 tents or less a day, would be such a cook as "one's wife" would be will-ing to have, and pay \$18 a month. Usually those women who make shirts at 30 cents a dozen do it because they den't know how to de anything else.

Tight Shose and Loose

[Now York Graphie.] "As a rule, the first instance after ma riage where marital authority is exercised is on the shoe question, said a wise young matron the other day. "You may be wear-ing the easiest and most sensible of shoes—it does not signify. Two axioms are indelibly impressed upon the masculine mind, from birth, I fancy. One, woman is vain; the other, woman's vanity is most pronounced in her feet apparel. So the young husband, feeling that at least he is in a position to regular. ulate one woman's vanity, at least in this respect, begins the since reform at once. So fore we had been married a week my husbane had informed me that I wore my shoe two sizes to short and one size too narrow which was really a remarkable piece of news, for I had never had any sort of trouble with my feet, and took my daily tramp with the greatest comfort. The first time I needed shoes he accompanied me to the shoemaker's cured a pair of shoes so large and easy they chafed my feet, and at the end of fortnight I was obliged to discard them, be ing foot-sore for the first time in my life. I s just as great an error to have a shoe to large as too small. It should fit the feet nore, no less. Since that one experience, finished madame demurely, "I buy my own shoes. I think my husband exploded his theory at the first test."

The Scal-Skin Sacque Going.

"Sealakin sacques are getting so common that fashionable people are discarding them entirely," said a lady friend of mine the other day, wose husband allows her \$5,000 a year for her wardrobe. "You know," she continued, "there are cheap furs which look nearly as well as the best for one sessor so low-priced as to place them reach of almost everybody. My cook instance, wears a sealskin bought for \$60. Then the imitations are se good as to be deceppiusa initations are se good as to be decep-tive at a very short distance. Conse-quently, one sees sealskin and seal plush everywhere. I've given my sack to my maid, and for cold weather have a black velvet brocade wrap trimmed with silver fox fur, which is quite too lovely for any-

"I am glad the fashion is going out," sh went on. "Seal excuses and circulars are ugly at best, and uncomfortable indoors. They're ungraceful and unhealthy. They can be worn anywhere, at any time, which, though it is a good thing for people with only one wrap, is exceedingly poor form, and deprives the garment of character and tone. Smaller furs, with warm wraps, as elegant as you please, are the proper

[Dr. Andrew Wilson in "Health."] The chief rules which must be attended and observed in connection with the care of the teeth should be rinsed out after ever meal. Secondly, the tests should be brushed night and morning, with a tooth powder mere tooth "washes" are ineffective in keep ing the teeth clean and pure. A good powder is the "precipitated chalk" of drug-gists, well made, and having a little camphor added. This preparation is sold under the name of "camphorated chalk," and the camphor has a stimulating and healthy in-fluence on the gums. Thirdly, use a medium and use water with the chill taken of

wherewith to brush the teeth.

By attention to these simple rules, not merely will a notable item in personal appearance be preserved, but health will be secured and pain avoided. Many a bad attack of toothache disappears if the teeth are attended to, and when some light aperient medicine has also been administered. If the ums are naturally irritable and ew drope of tinesure of myrrh in wate or thrise daily.

A State Gor erned by Wemen. [Foreign Letter.] correctly, dependencies, of Holland, there is a remarkable little state which, in its con stitution and original costume of its inhabit ants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent state. The sovereign is, indeed a man, but all the rest of the governmen belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. These amazons ride in the ma-culine style, wearing sharp sheel points instead of spura. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The capital of this little state lies in the most picturesque part of the island in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kent fortresses.

[Clara Belle's Letter.] The girls in the women's stores are treated with either tyranny or contempt by their sisters whom they wait upon, and when my brother Bob carried into one of these store the masculine custom of tipping the girl wh waited on him with a quarter of a dollar "I have not offended you, have If" mid

"Oh, no," she said; "but in all the years have stood behind these counters that is the first kindly attention I ever received." a life spent in the service of ladies! How

"Oh," she seid, laughing and turning to end the conversation, "ladies are one sort of creatures to the men and quite another sor see them as they see themselves." Bob told me this as a good joke. He think the girl was a crank. I know better. She

[Detroit Free Press.] One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of womankind is the undue promi ice given to matrimony. With the me jority of women marriage is the aim and object of existence, and they wait for it, hopefully or despairingly according to cir-cumstances. Even those who take up some regular employment regard it as a means of subsistence alone. They do not expect to devote more than a few years to it, and therefers there is little to stimulate their ambition. They have no purpose other than to get the necessities of life and bridge over the time lying between them and ma rimony. A woman cannot put her whole heart into her work as long as she attempt to preserve it for a future emergency, and work under these conditions will accomplish comparatively little.

The Window Curtains [Philadelphia Times.] An architect who builds a modern dwelli

should never let it pass out of his hands til he has chosen the window curtains. Many s good exterior is ruined in these days by th good exterior is ruined in these days by the want of taste of the owners or tenants or of the upholsterars they employ. What taste-less things people choose to do inside their house is their own affair, but the public ex-hibition of bad taste is an offense that ought not to be tolerated. When little muslin cur-tains, ift for a cottage bed-room, are dis-played in the windows of an elaborate and played in the windows of an electric and beautiful city house, they not only give away the occupant, but are a positive dis-tress to the pamer by. Some of the curtains and other complicated window arrangements now to be seen in fashionable streets ar marvels of unsuitableness. Sometimes they seem to have been designed for a doll' house, sometimes for a kitchen, sometimes for a coffin. Rarely have they any relation to external fitness, and they make one regret the good old days of Venetian blinds and Holland shades, which at least were in-

> A School for Arms. [Clara Belle.]

When we consider how artfully and effect ively most actresses employ their arms, wonder that the belies of society do no irl had rather make shirts at 30 cents a sequire the same accomplishment. We ozen, and be independent, than to have a too apt to let our upper seed, close here. I den't not up a beam of remain as useless as our lower ag far as auticulation is equiv

and I recall only one girl among my acquaintances who displays her arms for all they are worth. As seen at an opera or ball hey are not the insensate things common seen, but are animate, helpful appendages, taking their active and graceful part in her movements and conversation. Let body open a school of arms for girla.

Wife-Beaters' Club.

[Exchange.]
In Bolston, England, there is a club of men composed entirely of habitual wife-beaters. The object of the club is mutual amistance and protection. When a member beats his wife and a benighted magistrate ines him, the time is paid out of the club funds, and the gentleman goes home and gives his wife another beating just for luck.

Parson Talmage's Daughter.

There is no prettier girl in New York state than Miss Mary Talmage, eldest daughter of the Brooklyn divina. She is of a pale, classic, blonde type of beauty, petite in stature, very vivacious in manner, and stylish in dress and appearance, besides being a finshed scholar and a great favorite in young society. It is also alleged she poss the literary tastes of her father.

> Statues to Women. [Chicago Herald.]

It is a little remarkable that of the three statues raised to women in this country—all an Irish woman, Margaret Haugherty, a suc an Irish woman, and baker, and one to an cessful New Orleans baker, and one to an American, Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, of Sheiby ville, Ky., a successful teacher.

The Difference

[London Letter.]
Mr. Oscar Wilde, speaking at Glasgow re-ently on "Dress," said a Lancashire mill girl, with a shawl over her shoulders and aring clogs, knew more about dress than a fashionable London lady recently returned from Paris, because in the former case there

One of the latest London absurdities is for

the owners of little dogs to leave the dog's card with their own when they make calls. The cards are about an inch long, and three-quarters of an inch wide, and bear the ani-

Moisten granulated sugar with good vine-gar. Of this give to an infant from a few grains to a teaspoonful. The effect, he says, is almost instantaneous, and the dose seldom needs to be repeated. Boston Women (Cor. Inter Ocean.) The women have a tired, surprised look in

Boston. Life seems to be an eternal inter-rogation to them, at which their amazement not conscientiously cease. The Chief Fool. In all these cases where fools clope it is the everything to lose, and in ninety-nine case

"De nothing, say nothing; time will put Christian Advocate: Attention, you manly

she loves you, and will forgive you. Keep your politeness for others. Bavaria has enacted a law forbidding the narriage of couples who do not possess

young fellow: Speak rudely to your mother

icient means to maintain themselves There are 453 women editors in England and 1,309 female photographers. Sixty-four women engravers earn their

ivelihood in England. Some remarkable illustrations of the power ditions have been furnished by the observe tions of Senor Ladislao Netto, of Rio Janeiro. One plant-Strychnos triplinervia bush about six feet high, while another specimen of the same species was seen in the shade of some woods only a few miles away

and at once began to change their appearance to that of shrube on being given free exposure to the sunlight.

as a vine sixty feet in length. Other plants

were allowed to become vines of consider able length in the dense Brazilian forests,

Audubon's Orioles. [Chicago Tribune.] Mayor Latrobe has presented to the city of Baltimore the original copper plate from which was taken the picture of the Baltimore oriole in Audubon's folio edition of "The Birds of North America." The plate, which It represents the nest of the oriols, three of the birds and some foliage.

THE WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.

of Increase and Decrease.

Pastor Malling-Hansen, the director of the Royal Deaf and Dumb asylum in Copenhagen, has published an interesting pamphlet on "The Periodicity of the Weight of Children." His observations, obtained by the daily weighing of the children under his care, are very interesting. According to his evidence the weight of children differs so largely can be obtained from weighing at long in-tervals. A child may be two pounds heavier at night than in the morning, and maybe one and one-half pounds lighter in the morning than the night before. Eating seems to have more influence on weight than exercise, bathing, or occupa-tion. The ultimate increase in weight, corresponding to increase in growth, does not go on regularly throughout the year. There is a period of stoppage in the increase of weight with corresponding loss, from the he-ginning of May till past the middle of July, in which time the loss of weight may exceed

double the average ultimate gain.

During August, September and October there is a very steady period of increase in weight, sometimes rising to five times more than the average increase. During the rest of the year the weight varies from less to more around the average figure of increase. During the summer holidays the increase in weight is twice the average, and in Septem-ber and October even thrice. Besides the serious period of loss from May to July, stoppages in the increase of weight, some times followed by actual loss. These him drances, lasting from six to fourteen days, are not made up for by extra periods of increase, and seem to indicate real damage, so that the actual increase of weight seems take place during about the lifth part of the year, while the remaining time is occupied with loss and its replacement. There is a decided correspondence between the vacillation of temperature and accompanying vacillations in the weight of the child-increase of warmth and of weight and derease of warmth and of weight go hand in hand. A decrease of 2 degrees of warmth in the temperature of the five days is accompanied by a ninefold decrease in the weight of a child, and 3 degrees more

warmth by a thirteenfold in weight. company a decrease in the warmth of the temperature has begun to rise, as if the loss depended on sickliness induced by the colder changes of temperature is far more unfavor-able to the normal increase of weight in a child than a more steady year, and a series of such unfavorable years will for many following years result in less strong children. The reason of the great period of loss from May to July, and the rapid increase during the autumn months, do not seem to depend on the conditions of warmth. The increase of weight in the children experimented on was always greater during the period when the moon was receding from the earth, and less during the period when the moon was approaching the earth. During the former period the children increased in weight twice ss much as during the latter period. Pas Mailing-Hansen's inquiries are considered so important that the Danish government and "Carisbergfond" have granted sums of ney for the continuance and extension of

New York Journal: The beautiful's no-

WOULD WE BE WILLING

[Boston Globa] Would we be willing, if the summons
To countermarch this life, to live the
Once more? Eay pain and joy, and poverty and wealth, Good days and dark days, illness and health,

The new life, just as the old has been;
To find like friendship and the viler m
As yesterday?
And would it pay? Life, like a play,
Is relished as we go, from day to day—
But stay!

Not many a play is worthy of recall; The actors, one by one come on, and curtain fall; They go away;
And shifting scenes, and music long and Grates on the list'ner's weary ear.

And so, as children tire of toys and sleep, At the close of life comes less and less t Us here alway.

And then so many that have gone before, And earried hopes to a brighter shore, Are saying Come? Those absent long, with anxious gam,
Leading and lighting the darkest ways,
Would call us home.
Would we be willing to refuse their prayers!
Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there—
Some day!

ALADDIN'S CAVE.

WHERE THE TREASURES OF THE WEALTHY ARE STORED.

A Va-it Which no Burglar Can Demolis A Structure Against Which the Mob May Rage in Vain-The

New York Sun.1 The vast fortunes in stocks and bonds of the millionaires of the city are not stored in the brown-stone dwellings of the avenue. The thin walls, black walnut doors, and easily picked locks of those houses would offer little resistance against the violence of a meb or the ingenuity of a burgiar. The days when skillful cracksmen could capture large quantities of valuable property in rich men's homes have almost passed away.

Taught by experience, or admonished by
example, persons with portable valuables
have been forced to seek places of storage
and security. Within nearly the last dozen
of years there have sprung up in answer to that demand buildings of massive structure and exceptional strength. All that inventive genius could discover or money com-mand has been employed to render these places fire and burgiar proof. There are places fire and burgiar proof. There are many of them scattered through the city from Wall street to Harlem, all agreeing in their main features of massive strength and inspiring solidity. These are known as safe deposit vaults. They usually occupy

the ground floor of some stanch, fire-proof structure, and the mass of locks, bars, bolts, combinations and burglar-resisting contrivances is really wonderful. A description of one up-town near the center of the city will answer for the rest Entering from the street you pass up to a wall of solid steel bars, every bar as thick "De nothing, say nothing; time wan part of the everything to rights," is Emperor William's as a man's wrist, and twelve or natural invariable answer when one member of his high. These are firmly fastened to each other and into the stone floor, and across to complain of another. keen eyes sharply survey you from the in-terstices of the screen. If their owner is terstices of the screen. If their owner is impressed favorably there is a clicking of impressed favorably there is a clicking of locks, a rattling of bolts, and slowly the ponderous iron gate swings back. Next you fall into the hands of the superintendent, who gives you another keen survey, and then, unlocking an iron wicket, ushers you into the vaults. Two massive doors, each nearly eight inches thick, stand afar. Each of the three entrances is double doored and every door is secured by time and combina ing the daylight with the outside world and passing into the interior, the brightly burning gas jets reveal a low-ceiled, apartment. The floor is stone, iron, and cement; the ceiling is fron, and four from walls are concealed behind four rows of from safes. This is the treasure house of Vander mortal genius has not welded steel and stone into a firmer combination.

When one's eyes become accustomed to the light of this iron chamber one perceives that the surface of the walls is divided into little squares of various sizes. The depositor inserts a thin key of curious make in one of the squares. He begins to haul on the square, and it lengthens out into an oblong iron box nearly three feet long and divided into compartments. These boxes are move ble, and may be taken out and brought inte a private room, where in the strictest priined. Other safes are firmly fastened inte the wall, and have changeable combination locks. The locks of the outside doors of the vaults are both time and combination and the time locks are so arranged that the doors, once closed, cannot be opened until a o'clock in the morning. Outside and inside at least a dozen persons are within earshot, and could easily hear the slightest unusual noise. It is calculated that if by any accident the locks should all get out of order, it would require more than four days of content in the co

stant labor to effect an entrance. These vaults contain almost every variety of valuable property—gold and silver coin, greenbacks, diamonds and other precious stones, bonds, deeds and valuable papers of every description. Families breaking up every description. Families breaking up housekeeping and removing or going abroad, are obliged to store their plate and valuables for safety's sake. Mr. W. H. Vanderbili has an immense amount of property stored in this way, and frequently goes to the vauli to cut off the interest coupons of his bondiwith his own fingers, or to read the tally of his golden hoard in all the seclusion that this stone-steel vault can grant. Private papers of immense value lie there in perfect security. Lawyers use the little safes as deposi tories for important papers, and the key to many a bitter litigation is locked up within those walls. Many fashionable ladies keep their jewels there, take them out for az evening and putting them back the next morning. Watchmen guard the vaults within and without, and that all-potent agent, electricity, protects them by ingenious systems of bells and alarms. Even should a mob set out to pillage and destroy the city, it would rage in vain against these ironciad structures. The companies generally guar-antee the safety of goods left in their care, and charge only a few dollars a year for all this bolting, barring and unceasing vigilance A small box costs \$20 or \$30. From that figure the rental of the boxes runs up into the hundreds, but all have the same measur

Make Way for Victoria Regina. [Lendon Truth.] Last Tuesday afternoon her majesty came to London to visit the duchess of Cambridge, the trip having been suddenly arranged at an bour's notice. The most extravagant precautions were taken at Paddington (by or-ders sent from Windsor) to secure privacy for her majesty, and there was thorough a clearance as there used to be in the streets of Bagdad when the sultan's daughter went to the bath. Every human being on the arrival side of the station was peremptorily ordered off, to the infinite inconvenience of the numerous persons who had gone to meet friends who were coming up by the trains then due; and when these trains arrived the passengers who came by

could obtain their luggage. [New York Sun.] When an up-town shoe dealer was asked to repair a pair of boots that needed new sole and new heels, he said:

"Will you have patent heels?" "What is the peculiarity?" "They are reversible. Both ends of the heel are trimmed alike. The heel is secured with screws, which can be removed by any one with a screwdriver. By + heel end for end after it begit. both sides, and the heel is kept square Eventually the wearer learns to stand up squarely on his heels. They will cost you 5

Rhode Island Reporter: It is a singular but invariable result that when general bus iness is dull newspapers flourish best. Uncle Esek: The man who never takes

chapes is beaten just as often as any one